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LOVE'S APPEAL.

BY OLIVE BELL.

"Not human hearts, though strong in love,
Are weak, alas! to prove it,
And human hearts may never reach
The goal our thought can covet."

When the brooks, in meadows low,
Hurl their icy bosoms under;
When the fields, where corn is sown,
Glow again with golden splendor;
When spring crocuses with velvet flowers,
Valleys, hills and mossy groves,
Then, old friend, Love's magic power
Beats you many tender thoughts.

When broad fields of ripening grain
Lie untrodden like seas of gold;
When wild pinks—a crimson rain—
Beats the harvest skies unfold;
When white lilies swing their bells
In midsummer's perfumed eve,
Then, old friend, Love's mystic spells
Glowing webs of fancy weave.

When gay autumn's glorious prime,
Crows with blue our native hills;
When a silvery thread of rime
Marks the course of belching rills;
When the sun athwart the sea
Casts a mellow, flickering ray,
Then, old friend, I think that we,
Soon, like it, shall pass away.

When King Winter, stern and gray,
Chills you with a blast of rage;
When you strive to charm away
Fate's that heralds feeble age;
Then, perchance, you'll think of friends
Dead and buried under the snow;
Then for coldness make amends,
As we linger here below.

So, you see, old friend, that you
Hold the first fruits of my heart—
Do you prize them? Tell me true—
Shall we always stand apart?
Let us cross the chasm that lies
Twixt us and Hope's brighter shore;
Answer, love, with Love's replies—
Shield me, cheer me, evermore.

SIDONIE, THE INTRIGANTE.

THE PROMONT JEUNE ST. NISLER AINE
OF ALPHONSE DAUDET.

Translated by George D. Cox.

(This story was commenced in No. 2, Vol.
54. Book numbers can always be obtained.)

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BOOK III. V. (CONTINUED.)

The streets of the Marais, black, narrow,
In which a gas-jet blinks from distance to
distance, cross each other, twist about each
other, and at every instant, in that feverish
search, she returned upon her steps. There
was always something that placed itself
between her and the river. However the
gusty wind brought the damp coolness to
her face. Truly one might say that the
water drew back, surrounded itself with
barriers, that thick walls, lofty houses put
themselves purposely before death; but the
little lame girl had good courage, and, upon
the uneven pavements of the old streets,
she walked, she walked.

Has anyone seen sometimes, on the evening
of a hunting-day, a wounded young
partridge flee in the hollow of a furrow? It
sinks down, it crawls, drawing its bloody
wing towards some shelter where it can die
in peace. The hesitating step of that little
shadow following the sidewalks, grazing the
walls, gave exactly that impression. And
to think that at that same hour, almost in
the same quarter, another also wandered in
the streets, waiting, waiting, desperate! Ah,
if they could have met! If she could have
accented that feverish passer, if she
could have asked him her way!

"If you please, Monsieur, which is the
road to the Seine?"

He would have recognized her immediately.

"How! Is that you, Mam'zelle Zizi?"

What are you doing abroad at such an hour?"

"I am going to die, Frantz. 'Tis you who
have taken from me the desire to live!"

Then, all overcome, he would have seized
her, clasped her, carried her away in his
arms, saying:

"Oh, no; you must not die! I have
need of you to console me, to cure me of
all the evil that the other has heaped upon me!"

But this was the dream of a poet, one of
those meetings which life does not know
how to invent. It is much too cruel, that
hard life! And when to save a human being
so small a thing is sometimes necessary,
it is very far from furnishing it! This is
the reason that true romances are always so
successful.

Streets, still streets, then a square, and a
bridge whose lights traced in the black
water another luminous bridge. At last the
river. The fog of this autumn evening
humid and mild made her see all that Paris
unknown to her in a confused grandeur
which her ignorance of localities augmented
still more. This was just the place in which
to die.

She felt herself so little, so isolated, so
lost in the immensity of this great city illu-
minated and deserted. It seemed to her
already that she was dead. She approached
the quay; and, suddenly, a perfume of
flowers, of foliage, of fresh-turned earth
arrested her for a moment in her passage.



OUT IN THE COLD WORLD.

At her feet, upon the pavement which bordered the water, heaps of bushes encased in straw, pots of flowers in their covers of white paper were already ranged for the morrow's market. Enveloped in their shawls, their feet upon their foot-stoves, the flower women rested in their chairs, came with sleep and the freshness of the night. The Queen Margarets of all colors, the roses, the autumn roses made fragrant the air, trailed up in the moonlight with their slight shadows about them, transported, excited, awaiting the caprice of slumbering Paris.

Poor little Sidonie! One might say that all her youth, her rare days of joy and her deceived love arose to her heart in the perfume of this migratory garden. She walked softly in the midst of the flowers. Sometimes, a gust of wind made the branches rustle one against the other like the branches of a forest, and at the edge of the pavements, baskets filled with uprooted plants exhaled an odor of moist earth.

She recalled the country trip on which Frantz had taken her. That breath of nature, which she had resented that day for the first time, she had found again at the moment of death. "Do you remember?" it seemed to ask her, and she responded inwardly: "Oh, yes, I remember." Arrived at the extremity of this quay bedecked for a fête, the little furtive shadow stopped at the stairway which descended to the stand.

Almost immediately there were cries, a tumult all along the quay. "Quick, a boat, quick!" Bargesmen, *sergents de ville* ran from all directions. A barge was unmoored from the bank, a lantern at its prow.

The flower women awoke, and as one of them asked yawningly what had happened, the coffee woman seated on the ground at the angle of the bridge replied calmly:

"A woman has pitched herself into the water."

Al, well, no. The river did not want that child. It had pity on so much gentleness and grace. In the light of the lanterns which were shaken below upon the strand, a black group had formed, had put itself in motion. She was saved! 'Twas a gravel-drawer who had taken her from the water. *Sergents de ville* were carrying her, surrounded by barge-men, lightermen, and in the darkness, was heard a heavy, hoarse voice which choked out: "Hold! a duck who gave me much trouble. You should have seen how she slipped through my fingers! I verily believe that she wanted to make me lose my reward!" Little by little the tumult subsided, the curious dispersed, and whilst the black group went off towards a police station, the flower women returned to their shawls, and upon the deserted quay the Queen Margarets shivered in the night wind.

Al! poor girl, you believed that it was easy to depart from life, to disappear at a bound. You knew not that instead of being you quickly to the delusion which you sought, the river would let you back to all the shame, to all the degree of miscreancy, to all the station, the hideous station with its dirty benches, its floor on which the damp dust seemed like the mud of the streets. 'Twas there that the street would have to find her night. They had placed her upon a camp bed before the stone repudiated on her account, and the unhealthy heat of which made her garments heavy and streaming with water, steam. Where was she? She did not know. Those men coiled all around in beds like hers, the melancholy emptiness of the great room, the howlings of two, imprisoned drunkards who tapped at the end door with frightful raths, the little lame girl heard and looked at all that vaguely, without understanding it.

Near her, a woman in black, her face over her shoulders, was weeping before the front of the stove, the red reflection of which could not color her haggard and wan face. 'Twas a lunatic taken up in the night, a poor creature who nodded her head mechanically and did not cease repeating in a voice without consciousness, and almost independent of the movement of her lips: "Oh, yes, misery, one might say—Oh, yes, misery, one might say." And this sinister lamentation in the midst of the snoring of the sleepers made Sidonie horribly sick. She closed her eyes that she might no longer see

that wild visage which terrified her like the presumption of her own despair. From time to time, the street door partly opened, the voice of a chief called out names, and two *sergents de ville* went away, whilst two others returned, these themselves across the beds, followed as ciphers of the watch which he just passed the night upon deck.

Finally day appeared with that great white coldness, so cruel for invalids. Awakened suddenly from her torpor, Sidonie sat up in her bed, threw off the cloak with which they had enveloped her, and despite her fatigue and her fever, escaped to get upon her feet to regain possession of herself and of her will. She had only one idea to escape from all those eyes which would open around her, to go out from this frightful place in which sleep had such a heavy breath and such a heavy perfume.

"Monsieur, I implore you," said she all of a sudden, "let me return to my mother!" Happened as they were to Parisian dramas, these good folks comprehended well that they were in the presence of something more elevated, more affecting than ordinary. Nevertheless they could not yet take her home to her mother. It was requisite to appear before the Police Justice first. That was indispensable. They procured a coach out of pity for her, but she must go out from the station, and there was a crowd at the door to see the little lame girl pass with her damp hair glued to her temples and her cloak of serge which did not prevent

her from shivering. At the magistrate's, they made her ascend a wet and sombre staircase on which came and went those with a hang-dog look. Folding doors which the exigencies of the public service opened and closed at each instant, cold rooms, badly lighted, upon the benches silent people, filled with consternation, asleep, vagabonds, robbers, street-walkers, a table covered with old green baize at which was sitting "the Justice's dog," a tall demon with a head like a chess pawn, in a threadbare overcoat, such was the place.

When Sidonie entered, a man rose up from the darkness and came before her, stretching out his hand to her. 'Twas the man of the reward, her hideous savior for twenty-five francs.

"Al, little mother!" said he with his cynical laugh and his voice which made one think of foggy nights upon the water, "how goes it since our plunge?"

And he related to the assistants in what manner he had drawn her out of the river, that he had grasped her this way, then that way, and that without him she would have been surely in train to spin towards Hohen between wind and water.

The unhappy girl was red with fever and with shame, so much confused that it seemed to her as if the water had left a veil over her eyes, a burning in her ears. At last she was introduced into a smaller apartment, before a solemn, decorated policeman, Monsieur the Justice himself, in train to drink his *café au lait* and to read the *Gazette des Tribunaux*.

Whilst soaking a piece of bread, without lifting his eyes from his newspaper: "Ah! 'tis you," said he with a prehistoric air, and at once the brigadier who had brought Sidonie began to read his report:

"At midnight less a quarter of an hour, at the quay of the Magasins, before No. 17, the within named Delobelle, twenty-four years of age, born, residing in the Rue de la Harpe, at the house of her parents, attempted to commit suicide by throwing herself into the Seine from which she was recovered safe and sound by the *Monsieur* Pachelement, gravel-drawer, dwelling in the Rue de la Harpe-Chaumont."

Monsieur the Justice listened, as he also, with the calm and weary air of a man whom nothing can astonish; as the end he lifted towards the within named Delobelle a wise and severe look, and sternly reprimanded her. "I was very bad, I was very cowardly, that which she had done. What was it that could have driven her to that evil action? Why had she wished to destroy herself? Let us see, respond, within named Delobelle, why?"

But the within named Delobelle had resolved not to respond. It seemed to her that it would be to pollute her love to answer it in such a place. "I know not, I know not," said she in a low tone, trembling.

Provoked, impatient, Monsieur the Justice declared that she should be returned to her parents, but on one condition, that was that she should promise never again to make another attempt.

"Do you promise me?"

"Oh! yes, Monsieur."

"You will never again make another attempt?"

"No! most positively, never again, never again!"

Despite her protestations, Monsieur the Justice of Peace shook his head, as if he did not believe in her promise.

She was in the street, on route for home, for the refuge, but her martyrdom was not yet finished.

In the coach, the policeman who accompanied her showed himself too polite, too amiable. She had the air of not understanding, drew herself away, withdrew her hand. What torture! The most terrible thing was the arrival in the Rue de la Harpe, the house full of anxiety, the curiosity of the neighbors that she had to submit to. Since morning, in fact, the entire quarter had been informed of her disappearance.

The rumor ran that she had gone with Frantz Foster. At an early hour the illustrations Delobelle had been seen to go out, attracted by his hat on crossways, his ruffles rumpled, which was the sign of an extraordinary preoccupation, and the porter, on taking up the provisions, had found the poor mother half-frenzied, running from one room to another, searching for some word from her child, a trace, which however slight it might be, could lead her at least to a conjecture.

In the mind of that unhappy mother, a hard light had shed itself all at once upon the attitude of her daughter during those last days, upon her silence in respect to the departure of Frantz. "Do not weep, my wife, I will bring her back," the father had said on going out, and now he had gone as much to inform himself as to withdraw himself from the spectacle of that great grief she had there nothing but to go and come from the landing to the window, from the window to the landing. At the last step upon the staircase, she opened the door with a beating heart, there herself outside, then when she returned, the son-in-law of the little chamber, agitated still more by the empty great arm chair of Delobelle, had turned towards the sewing table, made her burst into tears.

Suddenly a coach stopped below before the door. Voices, steps resounded in the house.

Mam'zelle Delobelle, she is here! Your daughter is found again!

It was really Delobelle who ascended, pale, weak, on the arm of an unknown, without either shawl or cap, enveloped in a great brown cloak. On seeing her mother, she smiled on her with a little lame girl almost silly.

"Do not be frightened, it is nothing," she

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tion thus far have been so much in the dark, there is room for great doubts in that direction. The fact, however, that so many believe in him to the extent of their available means, proves that this special want of the times is recognized, and is an augury that it will be met.

There appears to be progress in the direction of deriving motive power from electric force. The great obstacle apparently is the cost of producing the power. He who will show how to evolve this resistless force cheaply and in a form to be controlled and directed to mechanical purposes, will take rank as an inventor with Watt, Fulton, and Morse.

How to heat our houses more cheaply is another problem to be evolved, the right answer to which may fill some inventor's pocket to overflowing, and bestow an incalculable boon on the community. The materials are all at hand. Water is full of the greatest combustible, combined with the great supporter of combustion; how to utilize them in this direction is the question: we believe it will be answered.

Petroleum will not last forever; we shall need new light; who will furnish it?

Who will show us how to navigate the air?

Who will teach the art of producing food directly from organic substances without the slow methods of agriculture?

When these hard questions are answered, plenty more of the same sort will be left, so that inventors need not fear that their vocation will be gone at least during this century.

A WIDE FIELD.

Exploring expeditions are in order. The North Pole, Central Africa, Asia and the South Sea Islands all hold tempting treasures of mystery. When these have been exhausted, and the hidden recesses of the earth's interior have also yielded up their secrets, there will yet remain the stellar depths and the infinite reaches of space. Science is perfecting her implements with which to fathom and compass these domains, which until recently have been traversed only by the wings of imagination. Armed with the telescope, the spectroscope, and the microscope, the astronomer has already demonstrated the kinship of the heavens with the earth, and thus while unfolding wonders, has brought them into the circle of human sympathies.

It would afford delightful scope to fancy, to endeavor to forecast the revelations of the future in these promising and illimitable fields: to explore first the recesses of our nearest neighbor the moon, interview her supposed inhabitants, and hear their story of their towering mountains, yawning gulfs, and how their life is maintained on what seems to us an airless, waterless, and worn-out world. The imagination kindles at the revelations to be expected from some patriarch of the Sun, who could recount in fervid language worthy of the theme, the dazzling splendors of a central world of blazing light.

But there are other unfathomed depths to which these thoughts lead. During all the years in which knowledge has been gathered, not only has man been unsatisfied with his stores, but each new acquisition has increased his eagerness and his appetite for more; nor can a limit be fixed to his possibilities of reception. His thought encompasses the unfolding universe. Vast as is the wealth of the ages, here is an unfilled storehouse inviting the overflow of infinity! When the olden philosopher counseled, "Man, know thyself," he opened for investigation heights and depths that can be measured only by the gauge which can determine the bounds of creation.

It is needless to dwell on the subsidiary truth that presents itself from these reflections. He who will thoughtfully consider that he is thus by his nature made heir of all things; that his birthright is to bring them all under contribution to the development of his own faculties, will learn a lesson of the value of himself, that will make all low aims distasteful, and lead him on his upward progress.

CIGAR FASHIONS.

Cigars are worn in various styles. For business purposes the straightforward method of a wagon tongue, prevails; the cigar planted firmly in the middle of the lips, puts before rolled out each side.

A favorite style for leisurely loungers, is to wear it well one side; loungers with a purpose, elevate it to a wide-awake angle, with the end pointing as nearly as possible to the right eye; curls (smoke) are the favorite trimmings.

The bow-worshiper mode is very expressive; the butt is jammed back to meet the wisdom teeth which find great satisfaction in chewing it reflectively.

The ways of wearing the cigar in the hand also vary. There is the dainty style, where it lightly reposes between the first two fingers and is passed to and from the lips in graceful curves. In the plain style, the thumb and finger are used, and the motions are more angular. In the economical method, the lighter end is turned inward toward the palm of the hand, the fingers being partly closed, so as to retain as much as possible of the heat and flavor. This is frequently observed in street cars.

A NEW ARTICLE OF BUTTER.—The San Jose, (Cal.) Argus, says the Angora Robe and Glove Company, which works up the skins of the Angora goat, is putting canned goats' meat on the market—a substitute for strong butter, perhaps.

The Toronto washerwomen held a meeting the other day, and decided to ask the City Council to protect them against the Chinese laundrymen, who are raining their business. What next? Dear suds!

Is it any wonder that distinguished vocalists should be singing people, or that their vocation should be creditable so long as their notes are good.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

BY CHARLES S. LARSEN.

How often my Ache ever thought,
How wondrously the All
We see within the universe,
Blends our souls, one soul?

Of how the depths that thrill us with
Their forms and beauty, do
Become a part of every thought,
Through which we capture know?

Come out then here, beneath the moon,
And listen while I tell,
How sacred to my love's delight,
Through wisdom's fairy spell?

Our hearts are in the mighty whole,
Lest up and in my eye—
Love's love and love's love—
The grandeur of the sky?

Do not then feel me growing near,
With Love's sweet eloquence,
Until the stars as if with tongue,
Speak out in music to my ear?

What better proof can reason have,
Of one vast unity—
Where do we better feel as one,
With Love and Unity?

True eyes, my dearest, speak of gems
Which nature's hand has given,
Our lips now linger with the breath,
Of love now born above!

We truly are within the things
Which nature's hand has given,
And it would seem some star had formed,
To grow from this dear love!

How precious then our hearts to us,
Lest up and in my eye—
Love's love and love's love—
The grandeur of the sky?

We as human seem to draw,
The mighty All to us,
To grow from this dear love,
To grow from this dear love!

Then let the stars of life come on,
To show their love to us,
To show their love to us,
To show their love to us!

Then shall be my Nailed door—
Who shall love to us,
To grow from this dear love,
To grow from this dear love!

There is no more, and only one,
Who shall love to us,
To grow from this dear love,
To grow from this dear love!

But sometimes seems its sweeter door,
Depending on God's care,
To grow from this dear love,
To grow from this dear love!

The morning moon's forgotten love,
In the eastern sky,
To grow from this dear love,
To grow from this dear love!

This life may be remembered then,
As the pain moon in the day!

THE ACCUSATION AND THE PROOF.

It was hardly to be expected that so striking and powerful a romance as *Sidonie* should have escaped the notice of book publishers in this country, and we were not surprised that five different translations were offered to as many publishing houses. Ultimately, by mutual arrangement among these houses, it was left for Messrs. Estes and Lauriat, of Boston, to bring out the work in book form. Under these peculiar circumstances, M. Daudet, the declining publisher and the public had a right to expect that the story should be presented as the author wrote it; that there should be at least a faithful translation—not a transmutation.

Least of all should we have looked for such a literary outrage in Boston!

That the book has not been even fairly translated; that most unwarrantable liberties have been taken; that almost every page of the book shows glaring signs of omission and commission, is too mild a way to state the facts in the case. The work has been shamefully butchered, and the mangled form of what was a beautiful creation is presented. There were indeed too many imperishable marks of genius in the original to be wholly obliterated by this misadventure. The skeleton of the story is there, wired together, and here and there Daudet's vivid thoughts encompas; but the marvelous freshness of graphic description, the delicate touches of character painting, the golden thread of imagination that veined the whole book, are so hopelessly mangled by the disastrous process of an attempted English rendering, that it would require a fancy almost as fertile as that of the illustrious author to believe that such a production could awake the enthusiasm which has greeted the book as it came from his brilliant pen.

These assertions are not recklessly made; the charges are too serious not to merit abundant proof, and unfortunately it is too abundant. Beginning with the opening chapter at the very fourth line we give the first specimen. Our translation says:

"This was about the twentieth time that day that Risler had said I was content and always with the same tender and quiet air, with the same slow, deep voice, that voice which restrained emotion and drew out dare too speak too loudly, for fear of breaking down at all once, in tears."

The condensed translation renders it:

"It was certainly the twentieth time that day that William Risler had announced his excessive happiness. Always, too, in the same words, and in the same heartfelt tone—soft and low—indicating, to a close observer, that he placed a certain restraint on himself lest he should lose his voice."

The fear of saying too much, and the fear of breaking down in tears are so distinct as chalk and butter; what right had the translator to make the substitution?

Further on in the same chapter Daudet skillfully brings out the character of rough, honest, witty old Gardinois, by his utterance of the following joke:

"Sidonie's like all the rest!" said he, laughing. "Just think of it—A's only two months since she talked of entering a convent! And I know these girls' contents! They're like we say at home: the convent of Saint Joseph—four souls under the bed!" which is a literal rendering.

But the Boston translator gives the following home-made as an improvement.

"It is not quite two months," continued the good man, with a boisterous laugh, "since this little miss, this Sidonie here, talked of going into a nunnery—a monastery, I fancy, would have suited her better!"

Multipled instances of this character occur in the first book, descriptive of the history of the Little Chebe, the text being so out down that sense and beauty are sadly marred. But worse follows.

In the first chapter of the second book Daudet paints a picture of Parisian workmen and their costumes, and gives a voice to the different manufacturers' bells worthy of Dickens; it will bear reproducing here.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

BY CHARLES S. LARSEN.

"Non. Breakfast time in the Marais. With the deep tones of the Angelus of Saint Paul, of Saint Germain, of Saint Denis du Mont, mingled—rising from the court yards—the shrill tolling of the manufactory bells. Each one of these chiming had a distinctly marked character. There were mad ones and gay ones, wide-awake ones and drowsy ones. There were rich, happy bells, tolling for hundreds of workmen; poor, timid bells, which seemed to hide behind the others and to shrink back, as if they feared that bankruptcy might break them. There were the bells of the tenement-houses, these which sounded for the outside world, for the street, to make it believed that they belonged to a large house which employed a crowd of people."

God be praised, the bell of the Promont manufactory was not one of these! It was a good old bell, a little cracked, known in the Marais for forty years, and one which had never rested except on Sundays and the days of insurrection.

At its voice, a whole nation of workmen fled off under the gateway of the old hotel and disappeared in the neighboring taverns. The appearance of the bell was on the border of the pavement with the manna. To save for themselves a half hour of play, they breakfasted in five minutes upon all that was brought to Paris for the tramps and the poor, upon chestnuts, walnuts, apples; and beside them the manna broke great heaves of hot white with flour and sugar. The women were in a hurry, and departed on a run. They had each at home or at the asylum an infant to look after, an aged parent, household duties to attend to. Sufficed by the air of the workshops, their eyelids swelled, their hair curled with the heat of velvet-papers, a fine powder which made them cough, they hastened along, a basket on the arm, through the crowded street in which the omnibuses made their way with difficulty in the inundation of people.

Near the gate, seated on a stone which had served in other days as a horse-block for the cavaliers, Risler gazed with a smile on the emptying of the manufactory. The sociable esteem of all these rough people, whom he had known when he was lowly and humble as they, was always a great pleasure to him. The "How do you do, Monsieur Risler," spoken by so many different and affectionate voices, made his heart glad. The children accosted him without fear, the designers with long beards, half workmen, half artists, grasped his hand as they passed and were familiar with him. Perhaps there was in all this a little too much familiarity, for the good man had not yet learned the privilege and the authority of his new position, and there was a certain person who found this negligence very humiliating. But that person could not see him at that moment, and the employer took advantage of the fact to give a vigorous hug to the old bookkeeper, Sigismund, who came out last of all, and bowed to the man who had been so long a friend.

Risler and he were compatriots. They had for each other a profound esteem which dated from their first appearance at the manufactory, from the distant time when they breakfasted together at the little corner milk-house, to which Sigismund himself now went alone, and ate his daily dish upon the slate table against the wall.

The above is thus *Bostonized*:

"The manufactory bell has just rung; it is noon, and mother's hurry home to her babies."

Could anything be more chopped, condensed and domesticated?

For another specimen of omission and commission, compare the following. Daudet says:

"George and Sidonie met at the theatre. That which they experienced at first on finding themselves together, was a satisfaction of vanity. They were much looked at. She was truly pretty now, and her irregular features, which had need of all the eccentricities of fashion to produce their full effect, appreciated them so well they might be said to have been invented expressly for them. After a few moments they went away, and Madame Dolson remained alone in the box. They had hired a little apartment in the Avenue Gabriel, at the standpoint of the Champs-Élysées—the dream of those demurettes at the Le Mire workroom—two rooms luxurious and quiet in which the silence of the rich quarters, broken only by rolling carriages, enveloped them like a deliciously little by little, when she had become habituated to her fault, there came to her audaciousness, fantasies. From her old days of toil, she had kept deep in her memory the names of balls of famous restaurants, to which she was at present anxious to go, the same as she took pleasure in making open for her the folding-down of the great makers of whom all her life she had known only the signs. For it was that above all that she sought for in this amour, a revenge upon the scorn, the humiliations of her youth. Nothing amused her, for example, returning from the theatre or from a night promenade in the Bois, like a supper at the Café Anglais, with the noise of luxurious vice around her. From these continual excursions she brought back fashions of talking, of bearing, doubtful refrains, styles of dress, which made her feel in the shop-keeping atmosphere of the ancient house of commerce the silhouette exact and extravagant of the Paris coquette of that time."

At the manufactory, they began to suspect something. The wives of the working people, even the poorest, are so quick to examine a tailor! When Madame Dolson went out, towards three o'clock, fifty pairs of envious and sharp eyes, in ambush at the windows of the polishing-workshops, watched her passing, seeing to the bottom of her culpable conscience through her dolman of black velvet and her cuirasse of sparkling jewels.

Without her knowledge all the secrets of the little foolish head flew around her like the ribbon which floated upon her uncovered neck; and her feet, superbly encased in their gilded, ten-button boots, told in walking of all sorts of clandestine trips, the stately air of her carriage, the way that she passed over in the night to go to supper, and the warm furs in which they were enveloped when the coupe made the tour of the lake in the black shadow of the reflectors.

The workwomen, indeed, whispered: "But look now at that Madame Dolson! What a style of dress to go out in! It is very certain that it is not to go to mass that she wears it up like that! And think that it is not yet three years since she started for the work-room every morning in her water-proof and with two morsels' worth of hot chocolate in her pockets to keep her fingers warm! Now she rolls in her carriage!"

And in the dust of talk, in the roaring of the furnaces always red summer and winter, more than one poor girl thought of the fresh air of chance transforming of a sudden the existence of a woman, and fell to dreaming of a future vaguely magnificent, which awaited perhaps her also without her suspecting it.

This is trimmed by the Boston operator as follows:

"George and Sidonie met at the theatre. Their first heart-throb was one of vanity,

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for they attracted much attention. She was very pretty, and each new caprice of fashion seemed to have been invented to lead a fresh charm to her capricious face. Madame Dolson had been left the sole occupant of the box at the theatre, and Sidonie with George walked forth in search of adventures. With unparalleled velocity they visited the cafes and restaurants most frequented by the demi-monde, in regard to which class Sidonie felt a morbid curiosity.

From these excursions, Sidonie, who seemed actuated by a determination to make amends for the enforced monotony of her girlhood by a series of extravaganzas and excitements, returned to her home with new ideas for her toilet, which seemed strange, out of place in that quiet house.

Doubts and suspicions were beginning to be excited in regard to her within the manufactory walls. Women, even the poorest and most unworldly of their sex, have an instinctive perception of the cost of a fashionable costume. When Madame Risler went out every afternoon about three, fifty pairs of curious eyes scanned her enviously from the huge windows of the factory. These sharp eyes penetrated her velvet coat and her cuirasse of jet, and detected the guilty consciousness they covered. The operatives laughed contemptuously as they looked.

"She does not put on those fine clothes to go to church!" "And," said another, "it is not more than three years since she used to go out with a water-proof cloak, and two morsels' worth of chocolate in her pockets, to keep her fingers from starving!" And, in the dust and turmoil of those hot rooms, more than one poor girl thought of the strange chance that had so transformed the life of this woman, and began to dream vaguely of possibilities for herself.

It will be seen by a comparison of these two translations of the same passage, that Mrs. Sherwood has nothing whatever to say about the "little apartment in the Avenue Gabriel," which George and Sidonie had hired for the purpose of illicit love, and which, in the sequel, made an important part of Grandfather Gardinois' pitiless exposure to Claire.

The charming little love-scene between Franz and Desirée Debeloise, in the third chapter of the third book, as written by Daudet is as follows:

"They were alone in the workroom one Sunday afternoon. Mother Debeloise had gone out, filled with pride to show herself once on the arm of her great man, leaving Franz with her daughter to keep her company. Carefully dressed, with a fine air spread over all his person, Franz had that day a singular look, at once timid and resolute, tender and solemn, and from the fashion alone in which the little low chair was put beside the great arm-chair, the great arm-chair comprehended that a very grave secret was about to be confided to it, and it suspected somewhat what it was. The conversation began at first with indifferent words which were interrupted at each instant by long periods of silence, as when a route one stops at each station to take breath towards the end of the trip.

"The weather is fine to-day."

"Oh, very fine!"

"Our bouquet still keeps its perfume!"

"Oh, very well!"

"And in merely pronouncing these words so simple, their voices were affected by that which was shortly to be said."

"Finally the little low chair was drawn still a trifle nearer to the great arm-chair; and gazing at each other, their hands interlaced, the two young people called each other softly, slowly, by name:

"Desirée."

"Franz."

"At that moment there came a knock at the door."

"Come in!" said Desirée with a slight movement of impatience, and Sidonie appeared, beautiful, coquettish and good-humored. She had come to see her little Zizi, to embrace her in passing. For such a long while she had desired it."

It is thus tamed down in Boston:

"They were alone one Sunday afternoon; Madame Debeloise had just gone out, proud and happy to show herself on her husband's arm, carefully draped. Franz had a certain festive air, and a look of suppressed excitement; and from the very way in which he drew his chair toward her sofa, Desirée understood that he was about to say something of the gravest importance. Their conversation began by indolent phrases; then came a long silence. At this moment a gentle tap at the door.

"Come in!" said Desirée, impatiently; and Sidonie appeared, beautifully draped—smiling and gracious. She had just run in for a moment to see her little Desirée."

The conclusion of this chapter narrating the departure of Franz with Sidonie, the tempter, is unsurpassable in force and in tenderness. Translated verbatim from Daudet this passage is as follows:

"And he had the courage to go, the ingrate! He departed without hesitation, without turning back once, borne away by his passion as by a furious sea, and neither that day, nor the following days, nor ever in the future could the great arm-chair of Madame Zizi discover what the little low chair had had of so much interest to impart to it."

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"a page this afternoon!" suggested Mr. Preen. "You see, if you cannot do the writing, it would be useless your attempting it: but if you can, we will engage you." "I shall only be too happy to stay this afternoon, sir."

"Don't you think he looks very ill?"

"I don't know," replied Peter, who had

ive for his prolonged stay. Frank could help thinking there was some mystery at it; but he was quite content to remain at his post. It was very rare indeed he could get an hour or two's recreation such as this. The practice was an ex-

Mr. Maynor went out again at once, in the storm. His wife, who had heard passed, turned into the parlor, her head at work...

Under how long this has been going

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hay would cost \$15,000, and with
chopped fodder will answer the
need of the Timothy hay, it is really
every community can thus raise its
cost about half the cost to import it.

HILDA'S WISH.

A FAIRY STORY.

BY LOBLE.

Many years ago there lived a little girl named Hilda.

I regret to say she was rather a bad girl, and one day when she had been told to mind her business, while her mother went to the neighboring town, she left it, and ran off to the woods.

She ran about till it was almost dark and then sat down on a log to rest, before starting for home.

She had hardly seated herself when she heard a queer little cry and saw a small figure running toward her, closely pursued by a large fieldmouse.

Hilda was kindhearted, if she didn't always mind her mother; and besides she didn't like mice, so she said, "See here, old chap, you'll have to look somewhere else for your supper," and with that she caught up the little figure and threw a lump of mud at the fieldmouse, which made it scuttle off to its hole in a hurry. Then she looked at the little creature in her hand and saw that it was a little man not more than two inches high.

He was dressed in a suit of silver gray, with a cap of brilliant crimson from which floated a long white plume, a crimson scarf was tied around his waist and although he looked as if he had been gotten up with extra care for some event; so, in fact, he had, for after thanking Hilda for saving him, he said:

"My name is Cleone and I had been to see my lady-love the beautiful Iole, and in her delightful company, I forgot how that the time was flying. You must know that it is one of the rules of Fairy land, that every child shall be out alone after sunset, and the sun almost disappeared when I left my job; I ran as fast as I could, but the sun had set before I was half way home, and suddenly that mouse, that horrible, monstrous mouse, saw me and ran after me, and but for you, he would be cracking my bones, and my lady-love would be left mourning her lover. And now," he continued, "as I cannot stay in the forest all night, if you will hide me till morning I will give you the first thing you wish for."

Hilda was rejoiced at this prospect, and readily promised that he desired. After hiding the little Cleone in a place of safety, she hurried home, thinking all the time of the first thing she would wish for. "Let me see," she said, "I think I will wish for a splendid large doll, or some beautiful dresses, like Madeline's, only much handsomer, for she laughs at mine, and I should like to pay her back. Oh dear! the fairy only promised me one wish, and I want so many things!" Being unable to decide what she wanted most, Hilda fell into quite a bad humor, by the time she reached home.

But that was quickly changed to alarm, for her mother came running out to meet her, asking where she had left the baby, and almost fainted when she found that Hilda had left the baby alone all day; for now he was gone, they knew not where.

The neighbors were aroused and started with lanterns to hunt for the missing fairy. They searched a long time but could find no trace of him. By this time, you may be sure, Hilda had forgotten all about Cleone and his promise, and could think of nothing but the little brother, whom she had neglected.

Finally the poor mother became so worn out, and distressed with grief and anxiety, that she had to go home. But Hilda would not give up the search, although she now began to think that a wolf or panther had carried off the child.

Just as she had concluded that it was of no use to search further, Hilda exclaimed, "Oh if I could only find the dear baby I would never wish for anything again!" She had hardly spoken when she espied the lost baby, fast asleep on a mossy bank a little way off.

So Hilda had her wish, and thought it was very different from any he had planned, I don't think she ever regretted it, and I am quite sure she never left the baby alone after that.

THE FIRST DOLLAR.

Many years ago a gentleman from the town of Methuen, Massachusetts, while on a visit to a prominent merchant in Boston, was asked by the merchant if he knew a boy in Methuen whom he could recommend to work in his store. At first the gentleman could think of none, for he knew none but a faithful, honest boy would suit his needs. At length, however, he called to mind a boy of excellent character in his neighborhood, but feared he would hardly do, as his parents were very poor, and he had no education or other advantages to fit him for such a position.

But the description of the boy's habits pleased the merchant so much that he handed the gentleman \$1 with which to pay the boy's fare to Boston by the stage, and requested him to send the lad to the city, and if on a personal interview all should not prove satisfactory, he would pay his fare back home again. The man so requested, visited the boy's parents, and stating the merchant's proposal, advised them to send the boy for trial. He then gave him the \$1 with which to pay his fare to Boston and departed.

Under similar circumstances nine out of every hundred boys would have said: "Now for a good time! I never saw a city and never rode in a stage. Oh, there will be such a long ride, and here is money sent to pay my fare." Not so with this boy. Putting the money carefully in his pocket, he said to himself: "This is the first dollar I ever had; how I wish I could see it. It is only twenty-five miles to Boston. I can walk there in a day; I'll do it and save my dollar."

His mother patched up his clothes as well as she could, and early next morning the little fellow parted with his parents at the door of the house and set out on his long tramp to the great city, which he reached, tired and dusty, a little before sunset. He soon found the merchant, who sternly asked: "Where have you been all day? The stage came in hours ago." The boy thought he had displeased the merchant at the outset, and with downcast head and trembling voice he answered: "I did not come on the stage, sir." "Did not come on the stage! What do you mean? Didn't I send the money to pay your fare?"

The boy thought it was all up with him sure, and amid gathering tears, he managed to reply: "I am very sorry, sir; I did not

mean to offend you. I thought I would walk and save the dollar. I never had one before."

Placing his hand gently on the boy's head, the merchant replied: "My little man did exactly right." Then turning to a bystander he remarked: "I wouldn't take \$1,000 for this boy to-night."

That boy has grown to manhood, and has since become widely known in business circles. He is now owner of the extensive mill at Methuen, the Pemberton mills at Lawrence, a banking house in Boston, and one of the finest farms in Massachusetts. The Golden Rule.

GROWING OLD.

When people begin to tell you how young you look, you may be sure you are growing old.

When you meet some one whom you knew years ago, and that individual, after carefully scrutinizing you as one would an article he thought of purchasing, exclaims:—

"Well, really! Time has stood still with you, I guess you don't let things worry you. It is worry that wrinkles up one's nose that years!" then you may know that you are growing old.

When your friends ask you to sit nearer the light evenings—when they offer to open another bottle of wine for you, when you may see better about your sewing—when they inquire if you know anything about the superiority of the "pebble" spectacle over the glass ones—then realize that you are no longer young.

When spry young dentists send you their checkbooks, containing a list of the charges for the various grades of false teeth, know from it that you are growing old.

When middle-aged people ask you to their parties, and young people leave you out in the getting up of parties, and surprise visits, you are growing old.

When dissipated Aunt Betsey tells you that she has been to see your Cousin Salie, and that she never saw how "dried-up" and "puckery" Salie does look, and adds the information that you and Salie are one year's children, you are growing old.

And, generally, you are the very last one to realize this fact.

It is so difficult to imagine yourself ripening for death—so difficult to comprehend fully that if you live, you will lose your teeth, and hair, and eyesight, and become but a wrinkled effigy of your former self.

And nothing can preserve you from old age but death—and would you be thus preserved?

It is almost impossible for you to imagine the world going on without you.

Will the sun shine, and the soft air sweep down from the hills, and the birds sing, and the pure waters lap along between verdant banks, when your dull eyes are closed beneath the meadow daisies?

And though you, and all of us, know that Yes is the answer to the question, we never entirely realize it.

When your hair begins to get thin, you lay the blame on headache, or the care of the children, and you invest in restoratives, and pomades, and fondly expect time to do for you just the reverse of what it will do.

When your bloom goes, and your skin becomes yellow, you call it biliousness, and so does your physician, who is an understanding man, and knows better than to hint of age in the connection.

So you go on cherishing the fond delusion that, though the family record might suggest otherwise, you are really just as young as you ever were, and you go on wearing pink, and puff, and pale blue, and you cut Mr. Silkenman's eye, when he ventures to show you brown and gray silks, as "suitable for ladies of your age," to borrow his expression.

Somebody who knows, says it is very hard to grow old gracefully; and it is true; but especially is it hard when a woman has been a beauty and a belle.

For, argue as we may against the vanities of the world—and reiterate it as we may, that beauty is only skin deep, and of no real value—we know that it is worth ten times as much by way of capital than all the virtues and good sense.

And whenever you hear anybody say that beauty is no account, and pretty faces a snare, just you set it down—that person is growing old!

MODERN EXPLOSIVES.

Nitro-glycerine was discovered by Solvay in 1845. It is made of nitric acid one part, and sulphuric acid two parts well-mixed, to which is added ordinary glycerine, and the mixture is stirred well-washed with pure water.

Being a liquid, nitro-glycerine could not be used for many purposes to which gunpowder is applied, especially in warfare.

In 1863, Nobel, of Sweden, found that it required a concussion, or suddenly applied force, to explode it, and from this he proceeded to place the nitro-glycerine in a vessel or bore-hole for blasting, and explode it in or near it a large percussion cap or a charge of gunpowder, or other explosive substance.

Some ten years ago, in 1866, Col. Shaffner discovered that for general purposes of blasting the nitro-glycerine was too much concentrated in the bore-hole of the rock, and in order to spread it throughout the drill-hole he mixed with it fine sand; the finer the sand the greater would be the absorption. After this, Nobel found that when nitro-glycerine was thus mixed it could be safely transported, and that the finest siliceous matter that could be found would be the most advantageous. With this view he selected the earth known as infusoria, found in large quantities in Holland. This infusoria is composed of small microscopic siliceous shells, which have lost their living creature in the unknown ages of the past. The cellular parts receive the nitro-glycerine and hold it by capillary attraction, both inside and outside. This earth is very light. The water is expelled from it by a furnace, and then, in the form of powder, it is mixed with the nitro-glycerine, twenty-five parts of the former and seventy-five parts of the latter, by weight.

This compound is known in Europe as dynamite, and in America it is called gunpowder.

Since the success, as to safety, in the transportation and use of the above compound, various substitutes have been introduced by rivals in that class of explosives. Among them may be mentioned red-rock powder, being a mixture of nitro-glycerine and gunpowder pulverized; duallin, a mixture of nitrated fibre, or gun-cotton, with nitro-glycerine; Hercules powder, a mixture of chalk with nitro-glycerine. Besides these there are many others that have been introduced for blasting purposes, but they all follow the formula of the giant powder mixture.

The explosive power of giant powder is about the same as gun-cotton, weight for weight, but cube for cube the former far exceeds the latter, and is more generally used for the blasting of rock. It has done wonders in advancing the excavation of tunnels and heavy rock cuts on railways, and has economized that class of work at least 100

per cent. over the old style of blasting with gunpowder.

The success of dynamite, or giant powder, has caused many adventures to make up explosive compounds and, to some extent, these supposed improvements have been more or less disastrous, and destructive to life and property. Giant powder cannot be exploded by ordinary handling, and if a carload was precipitated down a hill a thousand feet it would not explode. If you set fire to the carload it would burn freely, but would not explode. If you explode a large percussion cap in the midst of the giant powder there will be an explosion of the powder. The infusoria serves as a cushion to whatever force may be applied to it, and thus a sharp or close imprisonment of great power may be made, or an explosion cannot be effected. The nitro-glycerine does not leak or evaporate from the siliceous earth, and this circumstance further adds to the safety of the compound.

Gunpowder and gun-cotton will explode by a spark, but giant powder will not in that manner. There must be a powerful explosive force applied to it, and hence it is far less dangerous as an article to handle or transport than any other explosive. Thomas, the author of the *Brown-Haven* calamity, knew the safety of dynamite, and hence he had arranged his clockwork to let fall a hammer with the force of thirty pounds upon a percussion cap in the midst of the powder, to effect its explosion. The jar or fall of the clock set the hammer, and hence the premature result.

WHAT REMAINS OF OLD GREENBACKS? About two years ago it was customary to destroy the immense amount of mutilated and dirty paper currency, which was re-estimated by the bills by the Treasury Department in Washington, by burning it. This plan is now superseded by a much more effective and economical operation. A new sub-department has been added to the Treasury, called the Macerating Department, and here the literally filthy bills are made into pulp, ready to be transformed into clean fresh paper.

In the first place, the fractional currency is subjected to a most rigid scrutiny, and counted for the purpose of detecting counterfeiters, and then it is turned over to men who, with a machine, scrape each note so effectively that by no possibility could it ever be used again; another count is then given through with the purpose of checking the operators of the machine, and preventing them from appropriating any of the condemned money. After the canceling, the money is cut in half and once more the separate halves are counted, and when ascertained to be all right are placed in boxes for the purpose of removing them to the macerating building before alluded to. These boxes are securely locked while in transit from the Treasury to the macerating establishment, where they are opened in the presence of three representatives of the Treasury, one acting in behalf of the Secretary, another for the Treasurer, and the last for the Register, and each batch is usually accompanied by a quantity of bonds. From the boxes the bonds, which are cut and canceled thoroughly, and the fractional currency are emptied in the macerating cylinder, which is also locked with three separate locks, the keys of which are held respectively by the officers named above. The process of macerating is very simple. The macerating cylinder is revolved by a sixty horse power engine, and at the same time jets of steam are injected into it, which steadily soften the mass of paper. The macerated paper by its own gravity keeps dropping, and is reduced to a pulp by the sharp ridges which form the inside of the cylinder. After being subjected to this treatment for three or four hours, the cylinder is unlocked by the three officials and the pulp is then allowed to fall on an elevator, which conveys it to a large tub, where it is thoroughly cleaned, and all fatty matter removed by the agency of quicklime and soda.

The washing of the pulp completes the process, and it is finally dumped in a heap to lie until purchased. Recently about \$4,000,000 worth of fractional currency was placed in the macerator. This was an unusually large batch, the average "burnings," as the macerations are called, being much less. The present enormous quantity of the pulp on hand, probably several hundred tons. This will be used to paper manufacturers. The rate usually paid for the pulp is in the vicinity of \$5 per ton, and the principal purchaser manufactures from it a very nice article of paper. An approximate estimate of the quantity of pulp annually made out of the fractional currency or bonds at this establishment is 650 tons. The proceeds resulting from the sale of this may be counted as a net gain over the old method, as the burning of the money or bonds required the expenditure of as much labor as does the present macerating system, and consumed a great deal more coal.

The National Bank notes are converted into pulp by the centrifugal process inside the Treasury building, the method adopted being almost in every respect similar to that pursued with the fractional currency and bonds, as described above. The improvement on the burning plan is too obvious to need extended mention. Extraordinary precautions were required to keep the destroyed money from flying out of the furnace chimney, and the odor of the burned money was an intolerable nuisance, and was very injurious to the health of those residing in the neighborhood of the place where it was carried on. This last reason would have been a sufficient one for changing the method, if the additional one of making an absolute saving to the Government did not suggest itself.

HAPPINESS is the perpetual possession of beings well developed, for it is manifest that mighty advantages fiction has over truth; and the reason is, at our elbow, because imagination can build nobler scenes and produce more wonderful revolutions than fortune or nature can be at the expense to furnish.

It is in the minute circumstances of a man's conduct that we are to inquire for his real character. In these he is under the influence of his natural disposition, and acts from himself; while in his more open and important actions he may be drawn by public opinion, and many other external motives, from that bias which his disposition would have taken.

How little is known of what is in the bosom of those around us! We might explain many a coldness, could we look into the heart concealed from us; we should often pity where we hate, how often we curd the lip with scorn and indignation, how often without cause of any human action is a culpable temerity, of all our sins the most unfeeling and frequent.

Have the courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance you have when you are convinced that he lacks principle; a friend should bear with a friend's infirmities, but not with his vices.

HERE AND THERE.

WILL the Car sit down on the Ottoman? SUITABLE dinner for a widow—Widower.

The most fashionable gaiters nowadays—Tavernier.

Over ten million cigars are daily burned in this country. No insurance.

When a woman blushes and weeps can she be said to raise a hue and cry?

When should you apply a sovereign remedy to your tooth?—When it is a king.

John, you said Sally kissed you, did you kiss her back? "No, I kissed the face."

An exchange remarks that the matrimonial lever has broken out again. Oh, yes, the little blue.

A fashionable London preacher recently said: "St. Paul remarks, and I partially agree with him—"

Barons are much more on Sundays, especially window shades, by ladies who watch people going to church.

John was advised to get his life insured. "Won't it be?" he said. "It will be good to live forever, if I should."

Mrs. PARTINGTON occurs in Bishop Whipple's picnic toward the Indians. She solicited drive them right into it and down an all.

UNCLE SAM is monarch of millions of un-surveyed acres, and is that much better than Alexander Selkirk, who was only monarch of what he surveyed.

THERE are sixty or seventy thousand un-remembered women in Massachusetts who sometimes think that the crime of their life is not in dying when they were babies.

JUDGE HOAR once said of a lawyer: "He has reached the superlative of life; at first he would like to have something to get honor, and now he is trying to get home."

Of all the home-reading sights to be seen on the streets of this most cosmopolitan city, the sight of a gas pump at the corner of a street, looking into the windows of a corner grocery.

WHAT is a worsted child's toy? If not to crawl under a man's feet and make him believe that he has ruined something that the mistress of the house values at a million dollars?

A WESTERN editor met a well educated countryman, and inquired of him how he would like to have something from his pen. The farmer sent him a pig and charged him \$2.50 for it.

STABLE-KEEPERS—Buy the way, shall I? We are extra buffalo. English blood. Couldn't you let me have a horse you know first, rather than drive a buffalo first time, you know.

An old lady, reading about "More Arms for Turkey," remarked that she thought it would be better to give them more legs, for if there were a dozen children at dinner each one would be sure to ask for a leg.

It is has an irritating skin disease. Mrs. Partington says "the charitable nurse broke out all over him, and if he hadn't worn the nurse's hands as an ornament, it would doubtless have cultivated faintly."

HAVE you any nice fresh farmer's eggs? I inquired a price of one lady at a main street. When she said "No, ma'am," I replied the practical fact, "but we have some very good hen's eggs." She took three to try.

THUNDERBOLT, when speaking about divorce, would frequently tell the following anecdote: When at dinner in St. Louis one day he heard one waitress say to another, "Do you know who that is?" "No," was the answer. "That is the celebrated Mr. Thunderbolt." "What is he doing?" "Blasphemy," was the reply.

CORRELL WIT—Freshman, (talking rhetoric to senior who prizes himself on his cold thoroughness, and at the same time a quotation from one of your essays. Senior (delighted)—Which one do you want? Freshman (travelling in his eyes)—Oh, any one will do. The Professor wants us to give an example of lack of unity.

MANY years ago in Scotland illicit distillation was a practice consequent upon the national love of potent beverages. It was lamentably prevalent. The little Highlander plucked his salt in the remote glen of the mountain corrie, and prepared his whiskey by the light of the moon. He was an incorrigible old fellow. An English gentleman, who was afterwards by his neighbor for engaging in this illegal traffic. "Ye manna ask me," he said, "but I'll give ye up, if I support the family. My father, an' his father afore him, made a drapery. The drink is the life of the house, an' the money is the life of the big-still whisky. Besides, I permit me swearing at the still, an' a'dude decently an' in order. I dinna see muckle harm in't."

SCHENCK'S HANDMAK PILLS.

Are composed of a number of roots, besides Potaphillin, or concentrated Mandrake, all of which tend to relax the secretions of the Liver, and act more promptly than Blue Pills or Mercury, and without leaving any dangerous effects. In a bilious person they will show themselves by the stools. They will expel Worms, Mucus, Bile and all morbid matters from the system.

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Are the product of long labor and careful selection, and their extensive sale.

Physicians and druggists, and by all civilized nations, prove them the best and most effective.

Being purely vegetable, no harm can arise from their use. In extreme cases and cure them in other Pills can be compared with them, and every one knowing their virtues, will employ them, when needed. They keep the system in perfect order, and maintain in healthy action the whole machinery of life. Mild, soothing and effective, they are especially adapted to the needs of the digestive apparatus, derangements of which are the cause of many diseases. They are the best and most reliable to employ for children and women, and in all cases, where a mild, but efficient, cathartic is required.

For sale by all druggists.

Dr. RADWAY'S

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES, SUCH AS RHEUMATISM, GOUT, GRAVEL, BRUISES, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, PILES, AND AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE BLOOD.

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